

AGENTS.

Sacramento.....	W. B. H. DODSON
Marysville.....	C. O. Burton
Benicia.....	Randal & Co.
Pleasanton.....	J. D. Smith
Davis & Ray	Davis & Ray
Groveland.....	F. Mahoney, Jr.
Sonoma.....	H. Mayer
Dowdsville.....	I. L. Roman
Yerba.....	W. R. McGrath
Nevada.....	T. F. Gran
Santa Clara.....	E. P. Buckley
San Jose.....	Elliot Reed

To the Members of the San Francisco Fire Department.

We, the undersigned, a special Monumental and Cemetery Committee appointed by the Board of Delegates of this Fire Department, inform you that a book of subscription is now opened at the office of H. A. COBB, Nos. 100 and 102 Montgomery street, for the purpose of receiving donations to aid in fencing the FIREMAN'S CEMETERY and erecting a permanent MONUMENT to our deceased brothers, who perished in discharging their duties as firemen.

H. A. COBB, Chairman,
E. M. CHAPIN,
E. P. BUCKLEY.

Unsafe Buildings.

St. Mary's Hospital, Stockton street, East side, between Broadway and Vallejo streets.

Jefferson Hotel, Commercial street, opposite Union Theatre.

Nos. 210 and 212 Kearny street, East side, between Jackson and Pacific.

Buildings rear of 208 Stockton street, East side, opposite Virginia Block.

Brick building on Ohio street, West side, between Broadway and Pacific.

California Hotel, corner Dupont and Commercial streets.

Brick building No. 184 Washington street.

Brick building No. 176 Washington street.

Subscriptions.

To the First Annual CEMETERY FUND—up to the present date, at the office of H. A. Cobb, chairman Cemetery Committee:

F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer.....\$500.00
Marcus D. Birbeck, ex-Sgt. F. D.10.00

Jas. E. Nuttman, ex-Chief Engineer.....20.00
T. J. L. Smiley, Post's Brahma Ass'n.....25.00

H. A. Cobb, Treasurer Fire Dept.....20.00
E. P. Buckley, member of No. 11.....5.00

H. B. Smith, member of No. 6.....10.00
Alta California Office.....14.00

W. Oscar Smith, 1st Ass't Eng. F. D.10.00
H. P. James.....10.00

John A. Harrison.....5.00
C. M. Chase, member of No. 6.....10.00

Fred Kehler, member of Engine F. D.10.00
Wm. Hart, member San Jose H. & L.10.00

G. H. Hossfeld, foreman Monumental25.00
Frank in L. Jones, ex-President F. D.50.00

Sundry members Lafayette H. & L.30.00

Benefit at the Minstrels.....50.00

Benefit at the Circus.....30.00

Benefit at the American Theatre, (about)....12.00

Isiah W. Lees.....10.00

St Francis Hook and Ladder Company.....50.00

Total.....\$570.00

Removal.

The office of this paper has been removed to the Second story of SHERMAN'S BUILDING, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Clay streets.

To Firemen throughout California and Oregon.

Having been properly empowered by the manufacturers, we are now ready to negotiate with companies throughout California and Oregon, (about purchasing new apparatus,) for the sale of the celebrated BOSTON ENGINES, whose power and capacity is so well known.

Terms made known at this office.

Agency.

Mr. JOHN T. CRAWFORD is my duly authorized agent at Sacramento, to receive and collect subscriptions, and to attend to all matters appertaining to it. All orders for the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, let at the Book store of CARSWELL & HOWARD, Broad's Building, Third street near the Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

You EVER—NO I NEVER—He must be a queer joker the editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*, and know nothing about the art of self defense, for he has got into a tight place as any Jemima Twitcher we ever heard of. In the very moral city of St. Louis, is equalled only in history by the quiet locality of "Natchez under the Hill," it is considered very improper, highly improper, to witness a display of the manly art of self defense. The editor aforesaid, while cruising down the levee, was made a victim, as many have been before him, to the most impudent curiosity. But hear the youth and his master's art.

The account which we propose giving of a fight which took place yesterday, would never have been written but for a very unfortunate circumstance, which caused us much chagrin. Sauntering along the levee, we espied the steamer S. Bayard speeding swiftly towards the upper end of the landing, and crowding along in the same direction.

The boat landed at the foot of the wharf, and our curiosity prompted us to rush on board with about a hundred others. While seeking for information as to the cause of the unusual demonstration, the boat, to our irrepressible horror, backed out, and was carrying us away, we knew not whence. The captain paid no attention to our vehemently delivered request, that he should "put us ashore." We were very anxious to get off, and came one of this party, and therefore lost some of the precious hours of time which should have been devoted to other and more profitable pursuits we proceeded to state what came under our observation. Our sense of propriety and moral propensities forbade such a relation, but it is something new, and may serve to distract the attention of some for a moment, and then to bring them back again, and had times gaternly. On board there were about two hundred persons, including a large number of the "fancy," by which we suppose, is meant professional pugilists and masters in the art. The boat attempted to make a landing on a very tempestuous sand bar about six miles up the river, but the water proving too shallow, she proceeded to a point opposite the head of Gabree Island, eight miles from the city.

The principals were taken on board from the Illinois shore, opposite Lowell. The boat was made fast and a most exciting clambering took place up the bluff bank, which was some forty feet high, and nearly perpendicular. A narrow path was discovered, which led to the newly plowed and harrowed field of Archie Farm, where the wooden stakes were put in a twenty four foot ring formed, the outer edge being about three feet high, and the inner edge about two feet high, and the top of the bank, which was very witty, and everything made ready for the fight. Some time, however, was occupied in choosing umpires and referee, but at last Johny Robers and T. A. O. were chosen umpires for Blake, alias Dublin, Trickles, and Sam Morton and Mike Traines for Jennings. The former had Frank Mason and Jim Brown as seconds. The scene was romantic indeed. A sense of trust to the right—awful suspense of the mind of the spectators—tailing—tailing—tailing—and behind, the broad river, and the high bluff bank hiding the boat itself from view.

While we were enjoying this part of the scene, a voice announced the coming of the ambitious gladiators, and we saw them rise up, as it were, from the river, and plant their feet on the level field.

The fight was a long drawn out—the men being never matched, and was won by Jennings in nine rounds.

The United States steamers Water Witch, Lieutenant W. Lowell, commanding, arrived at Boston, 11th inst., from Washington, D. C., via Norfolk and New York. She will proceed to Portsmouth and afterwards returns to Norfolk.

The Raving Madman of the North Pole.
BY VINCENT VERDIGRIS, ESQRE.

Entered according to "Statute" in the office of the High Court of Justice.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Black night, joky, mucky, clean slate, pitch dark night, embrowned sky, and consequently this terrestrial sphere, our earth. The sea and yellow leaf had given place to the icy hand of Winter, and the wind howled, shrieked, raved, rippled, roared, and played the deuce generally about the castle of the Baron Bigge Bugge.

The sea came and washed the feet of the rocks whosom his castle was built, and roared, wailed and moaned with a terrific cadence, while no star illumined the scene!

The dreary scene!

The fearful, lonely scene!

Hist! do you see that demon-like bark, fashioned as a coffin, approaching?

It is commanded by the Raving Madman of the North Pole.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The leaves were falling, certain Sophisina Smalltoes, niece of the Baron Bigge Bugge, arose from her bed, and put on her clothes, or in more classical language, attire herself in her beautiful pink gownine. This being done, she looked in the glass once, and seemed spell-bound. (Not that she thought she was good-looking—oh, no!)

Hist!

She goes to the window and looks out. A low whistle, shrill, sharp, shrill, shrill, shrill, "My stars!"

She draws close to the great gate, which the Raving Madman, picking up, devoutly kisses, and mutters, "thanks to the stars" (proving his religious enthusiasm in full, no stars were to be seen).

He unlocks the gate, and at this midnight hour, like a truly honorable lover, enters the castle of the Baron Bigge Bugge.

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CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The Baron, aroused from his slumbers, scrambles for his inexpressibles, which donned, together with his shirt of sanguinary color, he rings a bell, takes a long drink, shrugs his lips, exclaims "that is good," picks up a blunderbus, and hastens to the apartment of the sweet Sophisina Smalltoes—

A great crash of thunder shakes the old castle, and the lightnings flash like those from the eyes of the boarding-house laundry to whom you are yet in arrears, and whose proverbial patience you have worn out.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The Baron opened the door.

She was in his arms.

Sophisina was the sweetest girl of the Ra-

ven, Madam, Madam, Randolph, Remmell,

Troy, eyed each other—his Baron and Madam.

So down to a eye each other on moonlight nights!

"Ponder and blitzen," shouted the Baron Bigge Bugge.

But the Madman answered not a word.

Sophisina chicked and clung to the Madman.

The Baron eyed her like a "Dutch uncle" which indeed he was.

"Villian, fond, saucy, reproachful tyrant, you are a hard case," said the Madman, as he withheld the Baron with an awful face, which as his own was anything but good-looking, didn't improve it materially.

Bravery before beauty, forever.

"I am a true child of the North Pole, where ideas run wild, and leader of a band of swelled, kindled souls, who are at war with everybody and everything outside the Arctic circle."

This fair creature loves me—

"Yes—yes—yes" exclaimed the fair Sophisina, and then, as her uncle was a Dutchman, said to him "Yew."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Baron struck a blow that didn't hit the Madman, who proposed a drink, (which he did to avoid bloodshed, though a staunch teetotaler.)

The Baron was so struck by this generous offer, (although at his own expense,) he ordered a servant to bring the "claret bottle."

The Raving Madman turned out to be a "gentle fellow," and married Sophisina shortly after, but never returned to the North Pole, the Baron dying and leaving his lands and castle.

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